



Vol. 1

#2

OF 6

COVER A

EXECUTIVE
ASSISTANT
A

iris





VOL. 1

#2

OF 6
COVER B

EXECUTIVE ASSISTANT A Kris





VOL. 1

#2

OF 6
COVER C

EXECUTIVE ASSISTANT A iris



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1999
B.F.



Executive Assistant: Iris

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[VOLUME ONE: ISSUE TWO]

David Wohl &
Brad Foxhoven *story*

David Wohl *script*

illustrations *Eduardo Francisco*

colors *John Starr*

letters *Josh Reed*

inking assistants *Carlos Eduardo &
Jose W. Magalhães*



created by *David Wohl, Brad Foxhoven & Michael Turner*

Digital Editors: **FRANK MASTROMAURO, VINCE HERNANDEZ** Design and Production: **JOSH REED, MARK ROSLAN, PETER STEIGERWALD** Lettering font designed by: **DREAMER DESIGN**

FOR ASPEN:

Founder: **MICHAEL TURNER** President: **FRANK MASTROMAURO** Vice Presidents: **PETER STEIGERWALD** Editor in Chief: **VINCE HERNANDEZ** Editorial Assistant: **JOSH REED**
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EXECUTIVE ASSISTANT: IRIS™ Vol. 1 Issue 2

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WUHAN, CHINA. THEN.

IN MY FIRST FEW WEEKS AT THE ACADEMY, BEFORE THE TRAINING BEGAN, I LOVED TO RUN THROUGHOUT THE GROUNDS.

IT WAS SO HUGE--A VAST IMPROVEMENT OVER THE HOVELS I'D INHABITED BEFORE.

IRIS--
WE CAN'T BE OUT HERE!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, LIAN? I LOVE THE RAIN!

LIAN WAS ONE OF MY FIRST ACQUAINTANCES THERE. SHE HAD ARRIVED SEVERAL MONTHS EARLIER.

ALTHOUGH SHE WAS BARELY OLDER THAN ME, SHE TREATED ME LIKE A LITTLE SISTER...

WE NEED TO GET BACK INSIDE BEFORE--

YOU KIDS JUST MADE A BIG MISTAKE.

...ALWAYS TRYING TO KEEP ME OUT OF TROUBLE.

JUST LOOK DOWN, DON'T LOOK AT HER.

P--PLEASE. IT'S SO HOT AND STUFFY INSIDE. WE JUST WANT TO PLAY.

IN RETROSPECT, I PROBABLY SHOULD HAVE LISTENED TO MY FRIEND.

NO! PLEASE! WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS? NO!!!!

LIAN!!! ANYONE!!! PLEASE!!!

BOOM BOOM BOOM

IN THE HOURS I WAS LEFT IN THE COLD, WET ISOLATION OF THE STORM CELLAR, MY MIND FILLED WITH UNBRIDLED EMOTION.

AT FIRST, I BELIEVED IT WAS TERROR I FELT. THEN I THOUGHT IT WAS SADNESS.

IT WAS NEITHER.

I WAS FURIOUS.

ANGRY AT THE BULLY WHO TORMENTED ME FOR NOTHING MORE THAN BEING IN THE WRONG PLACE AT THE WRONG TIME.

AND MOST OF ALL, ANGRY AT MYSELF FOR BEING POWERLESS TO STOP THIS FROM HAPPENING.

ANGRY AT LIAN FOR NOT PROTECTING ME.

NEVER AGAIN WOULD I BE A VICTIM.

LOS ANGELES.
TUESDAY MORNING.

NEVER!!!

CRASH

THONK

KNOCK

MERE
MOMENTS AGO,
MY EMPLOYER
WAS THE VICTIM
OF A VICIOUS
ATTACK OF
TERRORISM...

NEVER
AGAIN,
IRIS.

...PERPETRATED
BY A THUG IN
THE EMPLOY OF
ONE OF HIS
SO-CALLED
BUSINESS
ASSOCIATES.

FORMER BUSINESS
ASSOCIATES.

THERE IS NOTHING
MORE INSULTING THAN
TO ASSAULT A MAN IN
HIS OWN HOME--TO
FORCE HIM TO SEEK
PROTECTION--
TO COWER IN FEAR--
IN HIS OWN PERSONAL
VAULT BENEATH THE
FLOOR.

DO YOU
UNDERSTAND
ME?

A PRICE
MUST BE PAID
FOR THIS--THIS
CALAMITY!

I SHOULD HAVE NOTICED
THEM APPROACHING.
I SHOULD HAVE
PREVENTED IT.

WE MUST
GO.

I HAVE FAILED
MY EMPLOYER.

I AM IN
NO MOOD
TO ANSWER ANY
QUESTIONS
ABOUT THIS. WE
HAVE NO NEED
FOR CIVILIANS'
HELP.

I MUST MAKE
AMENDS.

THIS IS AN
INTERNAL MATTER,
IRIS. YOU SHALL BEGIN
IMMEDIATELY.

MONTE CARLO.
WEDNESDAY EVENING.

VICTOR HWANG WAS MY
EMPLOYER'S FIRST
BUSINESS PARTNER.

LE CASINO
DE MONTE-CARLO,
MADEMOISELLE.

MERCI,
MONSIEUR.

HE SUPPLIED HWANG
WITH THE "LEGITIMATE"
BUSINESS NECESSARY TO
LAUNDER HIS GANG MONEY
OUT OF SHANGHAI.

ALWAYS MORE OF A RECLUSE,
HWANG SHUNS THE SPOTLIGHT,
PREFERRING TO SPEND HIS
DAYS AT SEA, ON HIS YACHT.

WITH HIS MAIN OFFICE IN NICE,
HWANG LIVES MOST OF HIS DAYS
ON THE MEDITERRANEAN.

AND WHILE HWANG IS IN
TOWN, HIS RIGHT HAND MAN,
MARC SAURO, PREFERS THE
CASINOS OF MONTE CARLO.



THE CASINO STAFF TELLS ME
HE HAS AN AFFINITY FOR
AMERICAN TABLE GAMES.



<ON THE
PASS LINE,
PLEASE...>*

<OF COURSE,
MADEMOISELLE.>

CRAPS, EXCLUSIVELY.

*TRANSLATED
FROM FRENCH.>



<YOUR
ROLL...>

THEY SAY CRAPS
IS SOMEHOW A
GAME OF SKILL.



SEEMS FAIRLY
RANDOM TO ME.

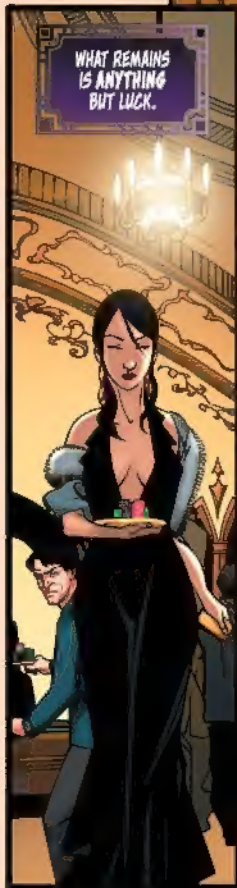
<A WINNER
FOR THE
LADY!>



BUT IT SERVED
IT'S PURPOSE...



...INCREASING THE
PROBABILITY THAT A
COMPULSIVE GAMBLER
WOULD NOTICE ME.



SOON...

KLUNK

HE TELLS ME ALL ABOUT HIS LUXURIOUS LIFESTYLE: FROM HIS SUMMER HOME IN THE HAMPTONS AND HIS WINTER CABIN IN TELLURIDE, TO THIS CONDOMINIUM WITH IT'S OWN PRIVATE BEACH WHEN THE BOSS IS IN TOWN.

HE FILLS ME IN ON EVERY RAPID DETAIL.

HE LEADS SUCH A FULL LIFE, HE LAMENTS, BUT HAS NO ONE TO SHARE IT WITH.

COULD I BE THE ONE, HE WONDER?

WE DECIDE TO TAKE A WALK ON THE BEACH.

I ASK HIM TO TELL ME ABOUT HIS BOSS, THE RECLUSIVE MISTER HUNING.

HE DEMAINE HIS EMPLOYER, CALLING HIM A FOOLISH ECCENTRIC.

HE'S NEVER BEEN ON HUNING'S BOAT—HE ONLY KNOWS OF HIS BOSS' EXACT WHEREABOUTS BECAUSE OF A GPS FEATURE ON HIS I-PHONE.

SAURO SUSPECTS THERE ARE STRANGE HAPPENINGS ABOARD...

DEVILANT SEX ACTS, PERHAPS.

THE MAN
FORGOT ME.



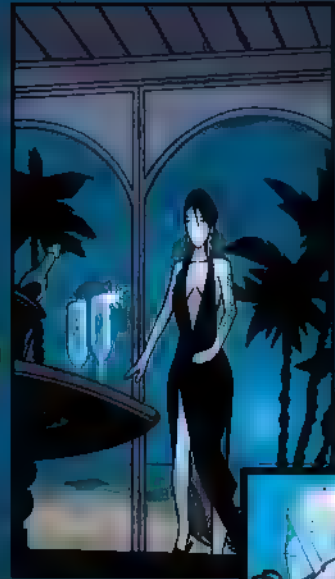
MMM
MMMM
MM...

...MMM
FFFFMM
MM...

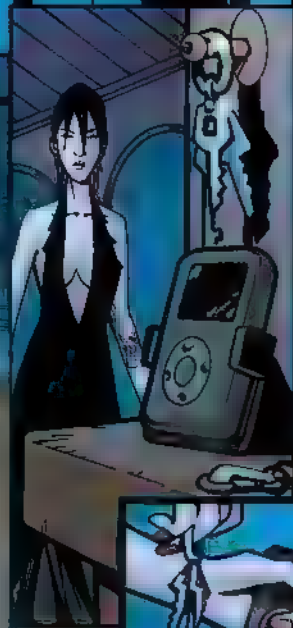
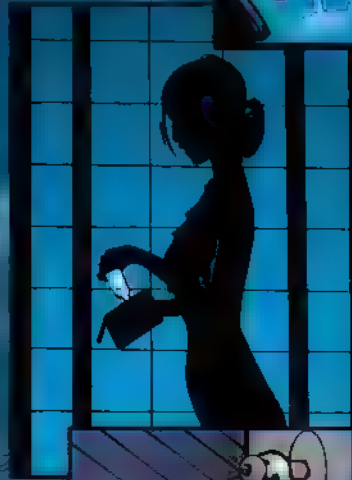
...MMM
MMMMMM
MM...

HE HAD MENTIONED A 4 AM
CONFERENCE CALL WITH HIS
EMPLOYER AND THEIR
SINGAPORE OFFICE.

I HAVE LITTLE
TIME...



...TO DISAPPEAR...



...AND COMPLETE
THE TASK AT HAND.

SEVERAL HOURS LATER...

TWO GUARDS ABOVE
DECK. THE OTHER IS
UNDOUBTEDLY BELOW.

IT SEEMS THEY'RE
EXPECTING ME.

THE HELL?

WHAT IS
IT, JOEL?

NOTHIN'
TO WORRY
ABOUT.

CAN
WE SHOOT
HIM ANYWAY?
I'M KINDA
BORED.

BUT KEEP
YOUR EYES OPEN
FOR ANYTHING
SUSPICIOUS.

OUT HERE,
YOU NEVER KNOW
WHAT MIGHT
POP UP.

RIGHT.
WHATEVER
YOU SAY.

LEAVE
HIM ALONE,
GABE.

GUY'S
JUST TRYIN'
TO EARN A
LIVING. JUS'
LIKE US.

WELL, COULD WE AT LEAST ASK THE GUY FOR ONE OF HIS FISH? I'M STARVIN'!

HEY, YOU THINK THE GALLEY IS STILL OPEN? I COULD USE A CREPE.

HOW THE HELL SHOULD I KNOW? GO SEE FOR YOURSELF.

ALL RIGHT, JEEZ-- A GUY CAN'T ASK A FREAKIN' QUESTION WITHOUT--HNN?

HRK? HRKLLKK KK--

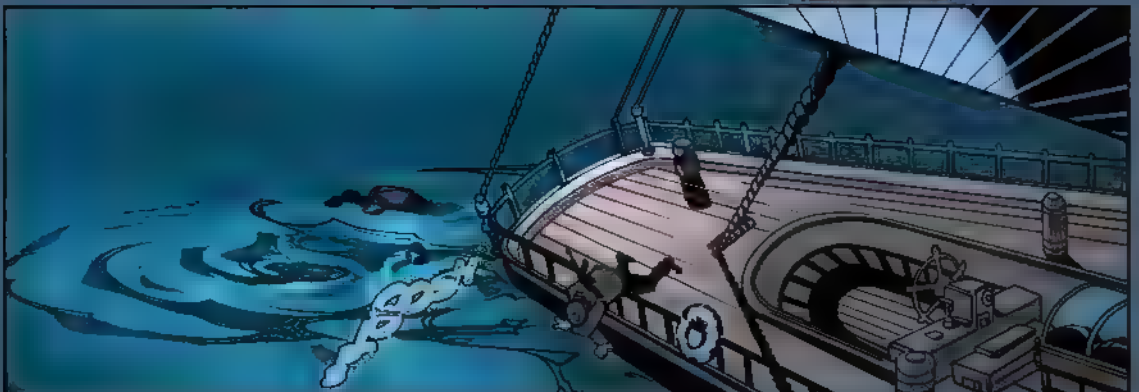
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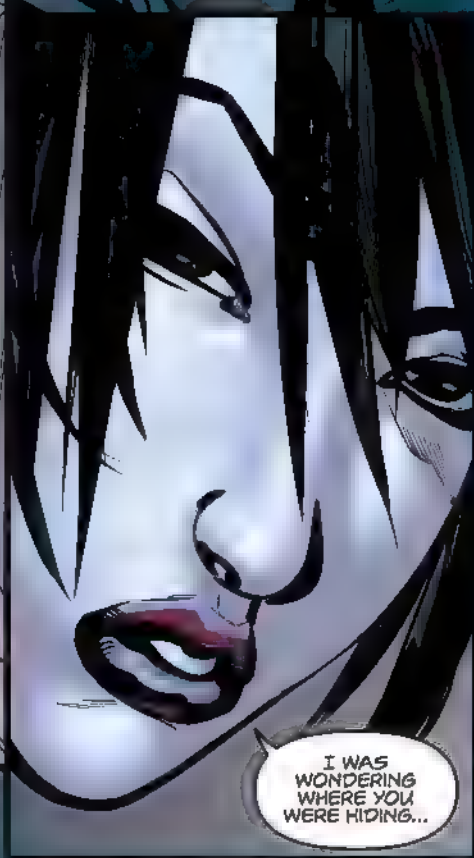
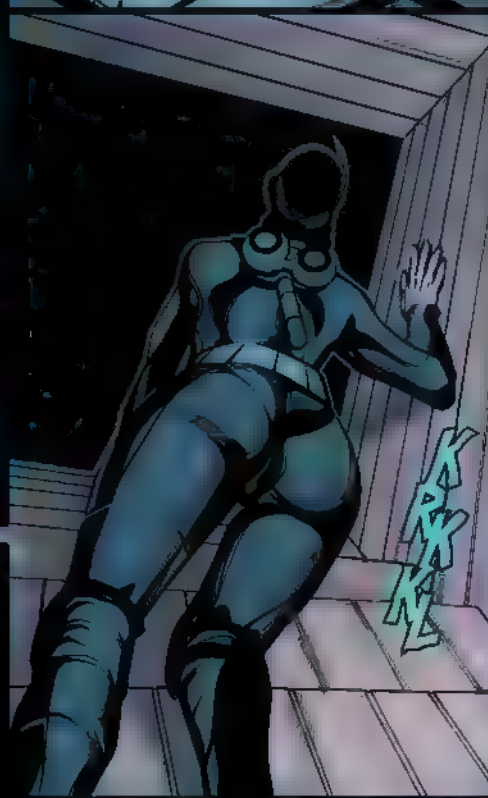
HKKLL LLLAAK K--

JESUS, GABE! I GET IT. YOU'RE HUNGRY! JUST GO DOWNSTAIRS AND--

GABE?!?

THWOSH



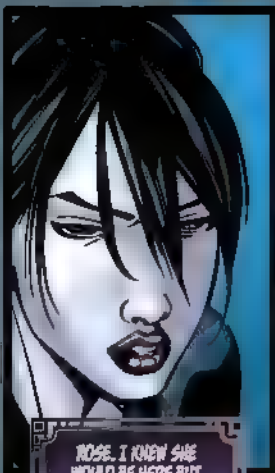




THWOOOSH

...ROSE.

IRIS, IT'S BEEN TOO LONG.



ROSE. I KNEW SHE
WOULD BE HERE BUT
IT'S STILL SO...
DISCOMFORTING.



AFTER ALL WE'VE
BEEN THROUGH...
ALL WE'VE SEEN
TOGETHER.

SHE WAS RIGHT THERE WHEN I
FINALLY WAS ALLOWED TO SEE
WHAT THE ACADEMY WAS
REALLY ABOUT.



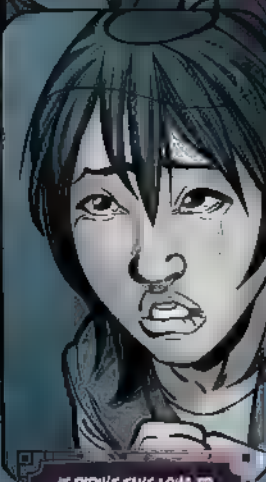
I WAS PETRIFIED...

...AND YET, EXHILARATED,
BECAUSE SOMEONE HAD
DONE WHAT I COULD NOT...

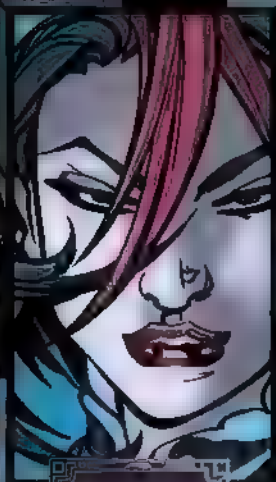


...TAKE DOWN
THE BULLY.

ROSE JUST WANTED
TO GO HOME.



IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG TO
REALIZE THAT, LIKE IT OR
NOT, THIS WAS THE ONLY
HOME SHE HAD.



AND SHE MADE
THE MOST OF IT.



ROSE,
I HAVE NO
QUALMS WITH
YOU. JUST LET
ME FINISH MY
TASK--

AND
THEN WHAT,
IRIS?

MY
CAREER
WOULD BE
OVER!



BUT
YOU...

WHHSHHHH

...YOU MUST SEE
HOW POINTLESS
ALL OF THIS IS
FOR YOU!

ENLIGHTEN
ME.



IRIS, PLEASE
REMEMBER THAT YOU
HAVE OPTIONS,
HERE.

MY EMPLOYER
HAS AGREED TO
ALLOW ME TO SPARE
YOUR LIFE. I ADVISE
YOU TO CONSIDER
THE OFFER.

CHING IS THE
ONE THEY WANT,
AND FATHER WON'T
RELENT UNTIL HE'S
DEAD. YOU KNOW
THAT.

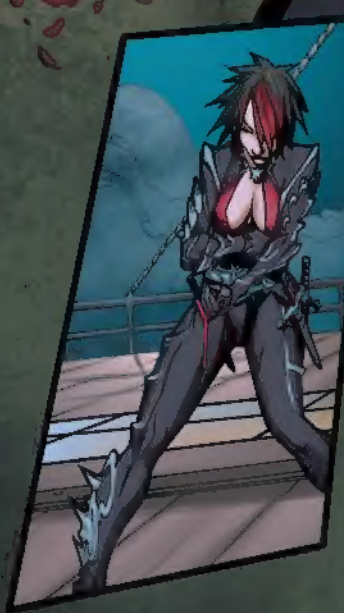
YOU'D JUST
BE COLLATERAL
DAMAGE!

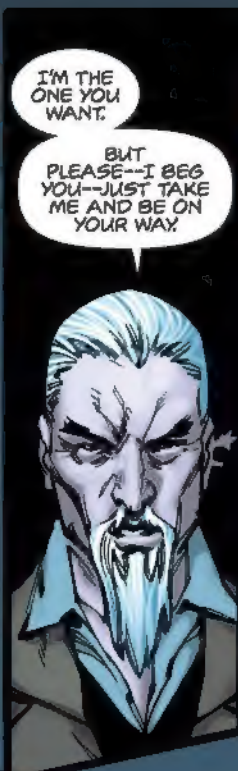
BE SERIOUS!
YOU CAN'T KILL
US ALL, IRIS!



WATCH ME!

HNNNN
NHHHH
HHHH...







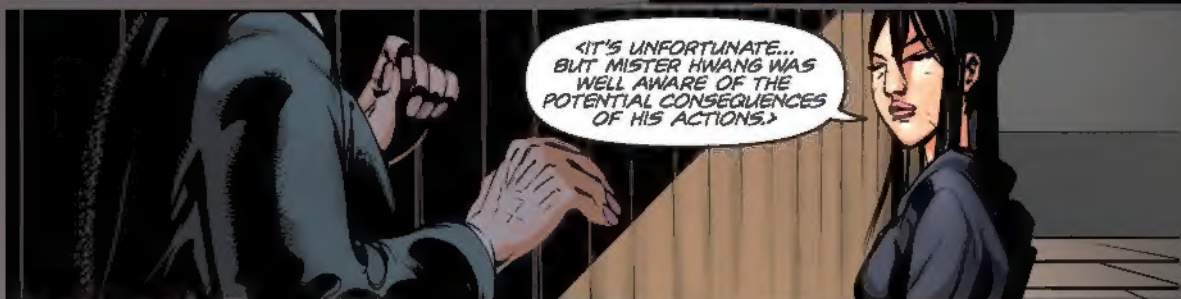
<VICTOR?
VICTOR!>*

*TRANSLATED
FROM CHINESE
MANDARIN.*



<YOU--
SNIFF-- WHY
DID YOU DO
THIS-- TO MY
SON??>

<WHY??>



<IT'S UNFORTUNATE...
BUT MISTER HWANG WAS
WELL AWARE OF THE
POTENTIAL CONSEQUENCES
OF HIS ACTIONS.>



<THANK GOD HE'S
STILL ALIVE, I... I TOLD
HIM TO STAY AWAY FROM
THE DIRTY SIDE OF THE
BUSINESS BUT... BUT
HE COULDN'T.>

<HE ALWAYS TOOK
CARE OF ME, THOUGH,
ALWAYS RESPECTED ME,
BUT-- I KNOW THAT WASN'T
ENOUGH, EVIL DEEDS NEVER
GO UNPUNISHED.>

<PLEASE...
YOU'VE DONE ENOUGH
ALREADY, JUST LET US LIVE, I
PROMISE WE'LL NEVER BE A
CONCERN TO YOU OR YOUR
EMPLOYER EVER AGAIN.>



<THANK
YOU, THANK
YOU SO
MUCH.>

<YOU'VE
DONE A
GREAT
THING
TODAY.>



<GOD WILL
NOT FORGET
WHAT YOU'VE
DONE FOR
US.>

VANCOUVER, CANADA.
FRIDAY AFTERNOON.

IRIS, HAVE
YOU SEEN THE
NEWS TODAY?

IT APPEARS
THAT RENOWNED
INTERNATIONAL BUSINESSMAN
VICTOR HWANG WAS KILLED,
ALONG WITH SEVERAL AS OF
YET UNIDENTIFIED OTHERS, IN
A FREAK ACCIDENT ON
HIS YACHT.

APPARENTLY,
SOME FAULTY WIRING
STARTED A FIRE THAT
IGNITED THE FUEL
TANKS, CAUSING AN
EXPLOSION.

AMAZING HOW
THAT SEEMS TO BE
GOING AROUND
LATELY...

...OH, AND
WHILE YOU WERE
GONE, YOU RECEIVED A
NUMBER OF CALLS ON
YOUR VOICEMAIL FROM
THAT **RUCKER**
FELLOW.

IT
APPEARS
HE'S QUITE
TAKEN WITH
YOU.

PERHAPS YOU
SHOULD PAY HIM A
VISIT BEFORE YOU TAKE
CARE OF BUSINESS IN
TOKYO. KEEP HIM ON
THE HOOK, AS IT
WERE.

AS YOU
WISH, SIR.

INDEED.

TO BE CONTINUED IN
EXECUTIVE ASSISTANT:
IRIS #3